

ESCAPING MAN SHOT: DRAMA NEAR WATERLOO

The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

DANZIG: MARSHAL FOCH AND ERZBERGER MEET AT SPA



Marshal Foch (left) chatting to one of his generals at Spa.



Erzberger (centre figure) on the platform at Spa. A French sentry is on guard.



Erzberger, seated in the back seat on left, leaving in a German car flying the white flag.

Though Marshal Foch and Erzberger met at Spa ostensibly to discuss the question of the passage of troops for Poland through Germany, Danzig played only a comparatively unimportant role. It was the first opportunity that Erzberger had had for a long con-

versation with the Marshal, and he explained the whole internal and external position of Germany. The Danzig Treaty was signed at the same table at which the Kaiser signed his abdication.—(Official photographs.)

M.M. FOR 'WAAC.'

P.20483



Asst. Administrator Geneste Penrose, Q.M.A.A.C. (attd. Camouflage Service), awarded the M.M. for gallantry under fire while in charge of a party of women.

O.H.M.S. AERIAL MAIL SERVICE FOR THE RHINE ARMY.



An aeroplane emblazoned on the label attached to a mail packet sent from London by the aerial service. The rapid delivery of letters from home is much appreciated by the soldiers.

GIRL'S CONFESSION

P.20512



Ruth Garrison, aged eighteen, of Seattle, U.S.A., who has confessed she poisoned the wife of the man she loved with a doped cocktail.

THE QUEEN AND OLD CLOWN.

Her Laugh with Professor at Kennington.

PRINCE AND TENANTS.

The King's Housing Parley at the Palace To-day.

The Prince of Wales, who owns property in Kennington, which comes within the Duchy of Cornwall, is interested in improvements in the homes of the tenants. Yesterday, with the Queen, he paid a surprise visit to them.

In one of the dwellings the royal visitors were received by "Professor" John Buer, whom the Prince cheerily greeted with: "I promised to come and see you again, and I have brought the Queen with me." Buer, who is seventy-nine years of age, and claims to be one of the oldest circus clowns living, welcomed the royal lady with great punctilio, and showed her pictures and photographs of animals he had trained, including his famous donkey Domino.

He took evident pride in telling the Queen of this animal's accomplishments, and related how he had often astonished ladies and gentle men in the street by sending Domino to count the number of ladies sent to answer questions.

He also imparted the secret of the trade, or, as he put it, of the profession, and the Queen, smilingly undertook not to divulge his methods.

"NOT OMITTING GERMANY."

Her Majesty had been told by the Prince of a fine little picture of Queen Victoria among the young girls of the world, and she promptly picked it out and admired it. The professor told her that he had travelled nearly all over the world, not omitting Germany.

The Queen and he joined in a very hearty laugh at this particular feature of his reminiscences. The Prince told her that he had appeared in pantomime as recently as last year.

The Queen asked in what character, and when the old gentleman replied: "That of an old woman," the King remarked that this was a big come-down from his former profession.

"I did not come down, your Majesty, I fell down. Then I thought it was time to retire from the profession altogether, and here I am, as happy as a king."

Outside the dwelling the Queen invited the professor to be photographed, with the Prince on one side of him and herself on the other.

PRINCE AND POSTMAN.

On the way to the next "objective," the Prince casually met a postman named Hearley, and noticed that he was wearing the ribbons of the South African medals.

The Prince asked that the man was entitled to wear eight bars with his two medals.

In Newchurch-street the Queen and her son went through and inspected Mr. Mansons' electric bakery, and then went on to Chester-street and Cardigan-street, where tenants were visited haphazard.

"At the corner of Cardigan-street and Kennington-lane the visitors strode unannounced into the national kitchen and made inquiry about the number of meals served there.

TO-DAY'S RECEPTION.

The King to Address Local Housing Authorities at the Palace.

To-day the representatives of authorities interested in housing and town planning problems will be received by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace at 10.15 p.m.

The audience reception will take place in the old Throne Room, and after the King, and probably Dr. Addison, has addressed the meeting tea will be served in the Picture Gallery.

As principal guest at the dinner at the Savoy Hotel of the National Housing and Town Planning Council last night, Dr. Addison stated that the Government intended to make good its pledge in regard to house building.

He said that now they would get better houses than this year, but they would not delay the scheme for that reason.

Municipal Housing Banks.—The final report of the Housing (Financial Assistance) Committee, issued last night, makes the novel suggestion that the larger boroughs should be empowered to establish municipal savings and housing banks, and to lend to any depositors desirous to purchase a dwelling.

The Corporation of Birmingham are promoting a private Bill seeking these powers.

The Queen is taking a personal interest in the housing problem in Windsor, where it is proposed to pull down many dilapidated houses.

Replying to the debate on the Land Bill yesterday, the Attorney-General said it did not claim to be a bill of land reform. It only aimed to acquire land fairly. Criticisms might be considered in committee.

He agreed the suggestion of compulsory leasing with purchase at a later date was well worth considering.

Stroke After Arrest.—Joseph Woodall, ex-sergeant in the Manchester Regiment, was at Grimsby yesterday committed for trial for the wilful murder of Mrs. Sarah Ann Robinson. Since being in custody he has been stricken with paralysis.



FRIJFO Nansen, the explorer, the chief of the Norwegian Commission to investigate the feeding of starving Russians.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., INSPECTOR OF HIS OAKLEY ESTATE IN STAFFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.

A "GOLDEN" WEDDING

Mr. Bonar Law's Private Secretary and Miss Joan Dickinson.

BRIDESMAID WITH TRAIN.

In St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, yesterday, at the marriage of Mr. J. C. Davidson to Miss Joan Dickinson, the bride's path to the altar was lined with a border of orange tulips, golden daffodils and Easter lilies.

Mr. Davidson, who is Mr. Bonar Law's private secretary and son of the late Sir James Davidson, was attended by General Sir Frederick Sykes as his best man.

A white charmeuse folds draped over a petticoat of nylon formed the beautiful bridal gown, which was embroidered with little true-woven knots in pearls. A rope of pearls, the gift of Lady Davison, hung round the bride's neck, and a train of old lace mounted on pearl-strewn nylon fell behind, ending in a tassel of pearls.

The bridesmaid's gown was also trained, a long fold of yellow silk to match the nylon gown falling behind. Miss Desiree Dickinson was the only grown-up bridesmaid, carrying a bouquet of blue iris, and Master Sheppard Pope Hennessy and Miss Elizabeth Home Peel, both of whom wore Empire dresses in yellow with white frills, acted as train-bearers.

THE BROKEN JOURNEY.

"So Distressed" Message of Wife Followed by Suicide.

A verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind was returned at an inquest at Norton Fitzwarren, near Taunton, yesterday, on Mrs. Alice Martin, 36, a widow, formerly a maid-servant to tenant-Colonel Greville Edmund Piggott, A.S.C. Mrs. Piggott, when travelling from Devonport to Paddington to join her husband, broke her journey at Taunton, and, going to Norton, threw herself in front of a train on the Minehead branch line.

She had a little while previously telegraphed from Taunton to her husband: "So distressed; feeling ill; am staying here."

"A SLIP OF A GIRL."

Enchanting "Daily Mirror" Serial Begins To-day.

Mr. Sidney Warwick, the well-known novelist, has written a story that can hardly fail to add materially to his reputation.

The opening instalment will be found on pages 12 and 13 of to-day's issue of *The Daily Mirror*.

It concerns the adventures of Peter Lalitha, a young and impulsive artist, and of Patricia Chance, a girl who is destined to play a very important part in Peter's life. The opening scenes are laid in a wood, and there is a pleasant open-air atmosphere about the whole story. It is a record of love and laughter and tears—the type of story that has never failed to appeal to *The Daily Mirror* readers.

EIGHTY MINERS ESCAPE.

Men Caught by Sudden Flood in Disused Working.

From Our Own Correspondent
BIRMINGHAM, Thursday.

Eighty men have had a sensational escape from drowning in Bullocks Farm Colliery, West Bromwich.

Water in a working which had been dry for fifty years rushed in without warning, and soon the men were waist deep.

But on the alarm being given they were quickly brought to the surface.

PIECE OF SHELLEY'S SKULL.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti, of Regent's Park, brother of the poet and painter, Dante Rossetti, and of Christina Rossetti, who left £26,580, bequeathed to his daughter "a fragment enclosed in a locket" of the skull of Percy B. Shelley, at present in a drawer near the library window."

MINERS VOTE FOR SANKEY.

The Welsh miners' ballot yesterday gave the figures for accepting the Government terms 16,170 against 15,268; majority for 100,902. There are majorities in other areas.

HEARTLESS HOAX.

April 1 Tickets for a Matinee in Aid of the Maimed.

MAN WITH A BLUE BAND.

A heartless hoax has been perpetrated by some unknown person on several hundreds of people who had purchased tickets for a "matinee" at the Holborn Empire yesterday in aid of "limbless soldiers and sailors of the great war."

The first intimation the management of the Empire had of the affair was the assembly of a crowd of people with tickets for the performance, which, it was stated, would commence at 2.15. The police were immediately informed, and an investigation was started.

The author of the hoax accepted the situation philosophically and with a good deal of humour. Some had purchased tickets on April 1, and were not forgetful of the fact.

The fraud appears to have been carried out by a man dressed as a private, and wearing a blue hospital band on his sleeve, who is said to have sold tickets in different parts of London.

The tickets stated: "Tea will be provided. Music by special bands of the London regiments."

JURY AND A DOCTOR.

Inquest Rider About a Parsee Medical Officer.

At the inquest yesterday on John Martin, aged seventy-seven, an inmate of the Tooting Bee Asylum, who died under mysterious circumstances, after his removal from Chelsea Workhouse, the jury added a rider about Dr. Kalyanvala, a Parsee doctor, who has been medical officer at the Chelsea Workhouse for four years.

The evidence showed that Martin was admitted into the asylum suffering from bruises and other injuries, and Dr. Kalyanvala said that when he signed the certificate that Martin was comfortable at the workhouse he had not examined the patient, but had seen him.

Dr. Kalyanvala said that he signed the certificate overnight to facilitate the relieving officer.

The Coroner said that the bruising excited one's suspicion that the old man might have been kicked. Had he been subjected to ill-treatment, or were his injuries the result of accidental fall?

The coroner returned an open verdict, and added as rider that Dr. Kalyanvala was very lax in signing an admission order on March 27 for March 28, and so allowing Martin to be removed to the asylum without any proper examination on that day.

'FLU EXPOSED AT LAST.'

Doctors Reach Unanimity on the "Go-to-Bed" Cure.

Little-known facts about influenza were revealed at the meeting of the British Medical Association yesterday. Surgeon-General Bassett Smith said that the Navy experienced the same infectivity and the same "waves" as on shore. In the Adriatic the epidemic was mistaken for fever.

There was only one remedy for influenza, said Dr. W. J. Tyson, of Folkestone. "When a temperature occurs go to bed at once and keep there." (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman: We have reached unanimity for the first time. (Laughter.)

V.C. GOES TO HIS BRIDE.

Commander Burke Sails for Home with 3,000 Canadian Guards.

From Our Own Correspondent

LIVERPOOL, Thursday.

Stirring scenes were witnessed at Liverpool yesterday on the departure by the Canadian Division of nearly 3,000 Canadian Guards of the First Division, many of whom were fighting from 1914.

Among those returning was Lieutenant-Commander R. Burke, in command of motor-launch 276, who won the V.C., D.S.O., and had been decorated upon the Legion of Honour.

In the Zebrugge enterprise this officer engaged in rescue work at the most desperate character.

His launch was hit fifty-five times. There were sixteen holes through the wheelhouse, but he never received a scratch.

He is returning to his task of fruit-growing in British Columbia, where a bride awaits him.

TRAGEDY AT A STATION.

Traffic on the Metropolitan Railway was considerably delayed on Wednesday afternoon by a tragedy at Euston-square Station.

About 4.50 an Inner Circle train was entering the station when a well-dressed man was run over and killed.

Papers found upon him bore the name and address of A. J. Walter, 2, Market-place, Watlingford, Berks.

THE SEARCH FOR CISSIE RAYMOND.

Missing Girl's Fate Still a Mystery.

POLICE BAFFLED.

"Where is Cissie Raymond?" is the question that is still engaging the attention of the London detective force.

And hundreds of people, to whom the bright face of the little girl is familiar, are constantly on the look-out for her.

It will be remembered that Cissie, who is only twelve years old, disappeared from her home in Greek-street, Soho, on Saturday night, and was subsequently seen in company with an unknown man.

Yesterday it was reported by a bus conductor that a young girl resembling Cissie Raymond had alighted from his bus on Sunday at Balham.

Mr. Raymond continues his search among the cinema theatres and places that might be expected to attract the missing girl.

He has spoken often of her brightness of spirit and her fondness for pleasure, and it



Mr. and Mrs. Raymond. appears that the child had absented herself from school for some days preceding her disappearance.

"It is not impossible that Cissie has been enticed from her home by some specious story of a great career as a film star," said Mr. Raymond yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*.

But am convinced that the disappearance is not merely that.

"I believe that she now shrinks from returning, because she fears that we should be angry with her. If she only knew what little reason she has for such a thought! We wait for her return hour by hour."

WOMEN'S NEW FIELDS.

"Consulting Decorator" Whose Forte Is Artistic Home Effects.

"I try to furnish a house in such a manner that it will suit the temperament of the people who have to live in it," Miss Olivia Truman told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

As a "consulting decorator" Miss Truman helps people to achieve artistic effects.

Utility as well as appearance are her chief aims, and she has succeeded in making the flat which she has furnished at 23 Park-street, Grosvenor-square, exceedingly attractive.

The sitting room has blue walls, and a pale cream-coloured ceiling, while the furniture is covered with jade green linen and the curtains and cushions are of a deep shade of orange.

The bedroom walls are of wedgewood blue.

"A recent boat attained a speed of 36 knots, and her lines were deterred partly by a young lady named Kelly," said Miss Truman yesterday at the Institution of Naval Architects yesterday, in supporting the admission of women as members, a proposal carried by 491 to 220 votes.

BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT.

Strange Infirmary Scene—Blind Man Attacks Fellow-Inmate.

A story of an attack on an infirmary inmate by a blind man was told at a Romford inquest yesterday.

When a wardens entered the ward at the workhouse shortly after midnight on Sunday he saw an inmate named Joseph Palmer, a powerful blind man, standing at the bedside of another inmate, named Samuel Staff, aged seventy-six, striking him.

Staff was afterwards found to be unconscious, and died a few hours later.

A grazed medical officer, said the blows had not caused death, which was due to cerebral hemorrhage and other causes, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly, Palmer being admonished by the coroner for his conduct.

SUGAR FOR FRUIT PRESERVING.

The Sugar Commission notifies that it is prepared, during June and July, to supplement the ordinary issues of sugar by a quantity sufficient to meet the normal requirements of those who in the past have been in the habit of preserving fruit.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England: Moderate or fresh S.W. to W. winds; cloudy to dull; some local showers or drizzle; mild.

TRAGIC RACE OF HANDCUFFED MEN IN LAMBETH

£7,000,000,000 BILL FOR GERMANY.

Huns to Sign a Thirty-Year Bond.

EX-KAISER'S FATE.

Reparations and the fate of the ex-Kaiser are the questions on which the "Big Four" deliberated yesterday, and on good foundation it is learned that—

On reparations a definite decision has been reached.

The ex-Kaiser and others shall be prosecuted at the instance of Belgium, but the idea of capital punishment of Wilhelm has been abandoned.

On the first point, the report which the financial experts laid before the Council recommends:

1.—An immediate payment should be demanded from Germany of £1,000,000,000 from gold reserves, raw materials and credits abroad.

2.—That Germany should sign a bond recognising a provisional debt to the Allies of £6,000,000,000.

3.—Germany to pay from 1920 onwards an annual sum to fix each year, not, however, to be less than the minimum laid down in the Peace Treaty.

4.—Each country to assume liability for loss and damage to the citizens of the Allied nations, but as the former cannot make full recompense an Inter-Allied Commission—the expenses of which are to be paid by the Huns—will assess the losses on a just basis for thirty years beginning with May, 1921.

According to the Exchange correspondent, the "Big Four" will devise some scheme to bring the matter under the signature of the Allies.

The French Chamber yesterday discussed the Reparation Bill. The reporter of the Bill said its amount would be enormous, and it must fall in its entirety on Germany.—Reuter.

Germans to Know First.—It is authoritatively stated, says the Central News, that there will be no publication of the peace terms until they have been accepted by the Germans, and the French will insist on a definite date to inform the House of Commons beforehand.

To Save Starving Europe.—The Supreme Economic Council will call the attention of the Associated Governments to the urgency of the economic situation in Europe.

The Allies will divide the duty of the restoration and repair of the railways which in the countries which have been at war have deteriorated by 90 per cent. Great Britain will undertake the work in Poland, the Caucasus, the Dor (Russia), the Baltic and Rumania.

FULL RESTITUTION.

PARIS, Thursday. After to-day's sitting of the Senate the Senators present unanimously signed the following manifesto:

"That members of the Senate of the French Republic particularly count on full restitution being exacted from the enemy, as well as reparation for the injuries caused to persons and damage to property that all war costs will be definitely paid to his account, and, lastly, that exemplary punishment will be meted out to the responsible authors of the greatest crime in history!"—Reuter.

It was stated on high authority in Paris on Thursday, says Reuter, that the question of the Saar coalfield is on the verge of a solution satisfactory to the French.

PARIS, Thursday.

The question of finding sufficient accommodation for the German delegates is becoming a difficult matter.

The number is expected to be so great that even by requisitioning all the hotels sufficient accommodation will still be lacking.

The Mayor of Versailles is now negotiating with the owners of villas and chateaux in the vicinity.—Reuter's Special.

TURK AGENTS TRYING TO STIR UP EGYPT.

Danger of Holy War Against the British Empire.

The Daily Mirror learns that while comparative quiet now reigns over the greater part of Egypt and in the Sudan, there is still some unrest in Cairo.

A strike of Government employees continues, but there have been no disturbances.

Some apprehension is felt, however, regarding the possibility that the trouble, which was fomented at the beginning by Nationalist sentiment entirely, may take a religious turn, and that the native tribes may declare a holy war.

BUDGET, APRIL 30.

Mr. A. Chamberlain stated in the House of Commons yesterday that the Budget would be introduced on Wednesday, April 30.

Liverpools and Yorkshires Beat the "Reds" Attack on Archangel Front.

HUNS' £7,000,000,000 BILL ON 30 YEARS BOND

Lambeth Drama.—There was a sensational affair in Lambeth yesterday, a soldier who escaped from his escort, being mortally shot in the street.

Archangel Fighting.—Liverpool and Yorkshire troops beat off one of the Bolshevik attacks on the Archangel front. The Russian National Army behaved with great steadiness in their first fight and accomplished a feat in reversing guns against enemy troops on skis. The Bolsheviks are preparing a great spring offensive.

AN ESCAPING SOLDIER SHOT IN STREET.

Grim Drama of a Chase Near Waterloo.

TAXICAB EPISODE.

There was a dramatic shooting episode in Lambeth yesterday afternoon, as the result of which a soldier is lying dead.

Eye-witnesses state that as an escort was chasing two soldiers toward Waterloo along the Lower Marsh, a soldier who was handcuffed to another soldier (it is alleged), exclaimed to his companion: "Let's make a dash for it!"

Immediately he began to run, dragging the other soldier with him.

The pair, it is said, raced together for some yards and then turned sharply down Grindel-street.

One of the soldiers forming part of the escort unlashed his rifle as he ran after the fugitives.

The soldier, it is alleged, standing at the top of Grindel-street, fired one shot, and the soldier fell mortally wounded, dragging his companion to the ground with him.

Later inquiries show that the dead man was one of six military prisoners who had been sentenced by Courts-martial in France to varying terms of imprisonment.

These men had been brought over from Calais and were on their way to Portland in charge of an escort. The prisoners were handcuffed in pairs.

There will be an inquest.

The wounded soldier was taken to King George's Hospital, where he died.

There will be an inquest.

The corporal and the man who fired are detained.

BULLET HIT WALL.

Eye-Witness's Description of a Dramatic Scene.

Mr. F. R. G. Emery, a newsagent, who witnessed the occurrence, said the two men chained together turned into Grindel-street and, "panting for breath, stood against the wall of the Council school." I am certain that they knew the game was up, and while waiting for the escort to retake them a soldier appeared at the corner of Grindel-street and Lower Marsh.

"He had his rifle in his hand, and, catching sight of the two men who were about seventy-five yards away at the most, he raised the weapon to his shoulder and fired."

"The shot caused a panic, for there were many people and schoolchildren about at the time. The taller of the two soldiers gave a cry and fell to the ground.

"In his fall he pulled the other soldier, who was chained to him over, and the pair rolled in the mud. People were shouting, women were screaming, and there was a great demonstration against the escort.

"I rushed up to the two men and a soldier came with me and pulled a bandage from his pocket.

"We undid the soldier's coat and he was bandaged. He had a wound in his chest. The bullet had gone clean through him and had struck the school wall. There's a white chalk mark there to show the place on the wall."

"The wounded soldier was carried into the house and laid on a sofa.

"We could not get the handcuffs off, so the wounded man and the other man had to remain chained together, and in this manner they were taken away in an ambulance."

"THEN SNIFF THIS."

Revolver Shot Which Broke the Window of Taxicab.

Private Albert Browley, a Canadian in the A.S.C., M.T., said he saw the two men who were chained together suddenly "race like mad" along the road.

When the shot was fired the taller of the two soldiers, who were both standing at the corner

GUNS' FEAT AGAINST FOE ON SKIS.

Exploit by the Russian National Army.

OUR AIRMEN BUSY.

FROM THE WAR OFFICE.

Archangel Front.—The thaw has now been continuing for about a week. During the night, however, hard frosts form a hard surface to the melting snow, making movement difficult.

At the action at Shredmachinga on April 5, the defence was carried out by Liverpool and Yorkshire troops, with a company of the Russian Army, supported by artillery of the Slavo-British Allied Legion (Russians) under British officers.

The defence of Bolsheviki against the attack on Archangel was put by the Russian National Army, of which only the artillery had some French officers. This was their first fight, and they behaved with exemplary steadiness.

GUN REVERSAL FEAT.

In one case a section of Russian field howitzers were taken out of their gun-pits and reversed at a range of 400 yards against a large body of enemy troops on skis. In this section a company of American infantry was in support.

The R.A.F. rendered great assistance under great difficulties owing to bad landing grounds. Among the pilots and observers were Canadians, South Africans and Russians.

Reds' Advance.—The Kieff military communists report that in Scheptovsk direction the Red Army has occupied Ludno, Wolynsk, Lubin and Ostropol, and in the Tarnopol direction Volotchok, on the Ukraine-Galicia frontier. In the Zhitomir direction Genikuly has been occupied.

A Riga communists reports the capture by the Red Army of an enemy armoured train and the cutting off of two companies of White Guards, who were destroyed in fighting.—Wireless Press.

BIG BLOW PREPARING.

"Reds" Making Roads and Moving Troops—Crimea Open to Foe.

The Daily Mirror learns that the Bolsheviks are preparing a great spring offensive in North Russia.

A good deal of work is being done by the Bolsheviks in the way of road-making and so forth, in preparation for this offensive, and troops have been transferred from the Donets front.

The Bolsheviks hope to facilitate their coming offensive by sometimes disturbing the traffic on the Murmansk territories.

There was a plot to cause a rising on a considerable scale in Murmansk on March 23. Secret meetings were held at which it was stated that rifles and machine-guns were available, and that portions of the Allied troops were in sympathy with the movement.

In Southern Russia the Bolsheviks are endeavouring to penetrate into the Crimea.

If the Bolsheviks shall be able to secure the naval bases of Sebastopol and Theodosia, even if the Bolsheviks overrun the peninsula. No fear need be expressed concerning the Russian fleet, which is now at Sebastopol.

The Matin says the Allies have evacuated the Isthmus of Peropok, and recrossed the Crimea to the Bolsheviks' troops. Matin says latest reports state that the Bolsheviks have captured Sebastopol, which is being organised as an entrenched camp, and Bolsheviks have already been in fighting contact with French and Greek troops.

600,000 "REDS."

Bolsheviks Have Their Eyes on Archangel Stories.

PARIS, Thursday.

A French major who has been in Russia since 1915, and just arrived in Paris, stated to a representative of the United Press Association that he believes some 600,000 Bolshevik troops are spread around the Archangel region, and he expects they will be soon concentrated to capture the port. The Bolsheviks sent the large stores collected at Archangel, the fate of the Allied defenders being of secondary importance to them. He considers the situation serious, though not hopeless.

With regard to Russia, he insists that the Allies must immediately either withdraw or intervene. There is no middle course to be followed.

It is impossible, however, to withdraw from Archangel, as it is surrounded by Bolsheviks on the one side and the frozen sea on the other.

There is a threatened strike on the Russian railways; the railway workers demanded the same quantities of food as the Red Army.

THE UNDERGROUND GROUP

THE PROFITS.

What the Companies take from the Public for the Transport Service.

	£	£
1913	5,424,644	409,271
1914	5,397,499	428,963
1915	5,481,144	407,265
1916	6,088,529	462,868
1917	6,661,863	476,237
1918	7,743,451	558,191

The Companies have never kept for their Ordinary Shareholders more than

1/12TH

of the amount taken from the Public.

The average dividend on the Ordinary Capital of All Companies has never exceeded

3%

A FARE THING?—YES,
BUT ALSO A FAIR THING.

London General Omnibus Co., Ltd.,
Electric Railway House, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. 1.

Reg. 13



Hullo, Kiddies!

HOW do you like your LILY Girl in a longer frock?

I've been on War Work for the Government—and you; but I'm the same girl—same chocolate frock, too;—only a bit more "grown-up."

Be patient a little longer, and then you'll see your old favourite.

**CLARNICO
CHOCOLATE
LILY CARAMELS**
and all the other kinds of pure, wholesome confectionery made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coom's, Ltd., London.



NOW FOR A CHANGE.

Take home a tin of "Jack Tar" Pilchards, and give your family an unexpected treat—to-day.

You will enjoy these savoury little fish. They are so plump and so tender and creamy, with a delicate flavour enhanced by the piquancy of rich, thick tomato sauce.

Keep a "Jack Tar" tin or two in the larder, and whenever the sameness of everyday dishes begins to pall on you—whenever you "fancy a change"—just remember those three words—"Jack Tar" Pilchards.

**JACK TAR
PILCHARDS**

A PAIR OF KID GLOVES FREE.
Send us the name of a grocer who does NOT sell "Jack Tar" Pilchards. We will send post free to the first six applicants for free a pair of kid gloves, presented each morning, from the 1st February to the 30th April, a pair of which will be worth the value of 5/- (Size state and colour when writing.) Angus Watson & Co., Dept. X, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sold in small and large round and oval cans.

Guaranteed by Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



A. L. DAVIES, A.B.

H.M.S. "—"

With the Grand Fleet.

"What I have experienced is nothing short of a miracle, and I feel that I really must write something of my gratitude and appreciation that you may utilise my testimonial to bring to the notice of sufferers from nerve trouble, that they too may be cured. My nerves, as a result practically of the experience I had endured in the Q, or Mystery ship, had, about three months ago, become in a truly awful condition, my whole body shook continuously as with ague, my eyes were dilated and bloodshot, my speech was considerably affected. Four of these ships that I was in were sunk, and on the last occasion I was in the sea for 15 hours. When picked up I was unconscious, and it was 3 days before I came to.

"It was then that someone suggested Phosferine, and my wife insisted that I should give it a trial. I yielded to her persuasions, though with but little hope, but after the first few days I began to feel myself to be mending, and to-day I can say that I actually am a new man in both mind and body, and it is all due to Phosferine."

This grateful seaman knows that Phosferine alone protected him from being overcome by the succession of grim experiences he endured. Phosferine enables all the nerve centres to provide the vital force to prevail over the exceptional privations he encountered.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion
Nervous Debility

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1919.

CONSTRUCTION WANTED!

THE old war division of us all into "pessimists" and "optimists" might be revived for the benefit of these critical armistice days.

We call "optimists" those who sit prolonging the Peace Conference and dividing the spoils of Germany; those who mean to indulge, if possible, in a "short and sharp" war with the new Russia; those who, in sum, are planning for a world that will soon exist only in their imaginations.

They are optimists because they believe we can achieve all or any of these aims.

And the "pessimists"?

We suppose the name must be applied to those who look across to Germany and read in the news the state of Saxony, of Brunswick, of Bavaria; and the talk in Germany of "an immediate union with the Soviet Republics of Russia and Hungary." These observers seem to see that the delayers at the Peace Conference are chopping and changing shadows—reflections of a period now past. They are pessimists because they live with the optimists.

Which is right, which wrong?—optimist or pessimist?

Neither, perhaps. The war confounded both types of mind alternately—optimists, first, who thought it was "going to be a short war"; pessimists, last, who thought the war would never end. So now the new war and the new troubles may confound the rosy and the darks. Presumably we are in for a period of convulsion which will end in settlement of a sort.

All one would like to recognise meanwhile, in rulers and publicists at home, is some sense of the reality of the danger. For only by knowing it can we surmount it.

And we could wish our ardent optimists also to show more constructive impulse.

If they did that they would tell us, not what we must make Germany pay, for example, but how to make her solvent; and in Russia they would tell us, not only that we must "fight Bolshevism" (which they don't define), but what to do to cure anarchy, and what to put in place of the Governments they propose to overthrow by fighting all over the East.

HAVE WE LEARNT?

HAVE the great naval and military authorities really learnt anything by the war? What are their deductions? Do they admit mistakes? Do they approve of all they did?

Lord Jellicoe's book, with its criticisms of the pre-war Admiralty, showed little or no self criticism.

Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch to day maintains the theories—well, the theories we saw being applied for four and a half weary years in France.

Most remarkably he goes back to the "attrition" theory, and one assumes that all the alleged attempts to "break through" were really only attempts to "wear down" the enemy.

For the rest, he supports cavalry, as before; as before, thinks our casualties "not greater than was to be expected" and in sum has no suspicion evidently that anything was wrong or could ever be wrong, but the fact that we were unprepared.

We do not say that he is mistaken.

What we do say is "now we know"—now we know that if there were another war, it would be fought in just the same way by the same sort of leaders who fought the "war of attrition" by land and sea from 1914 to 1918 with the "approximate" three million British casualties in splendid men.

That thought ought to help us towards the League of Nations and "no next time"!

W. M.

HOW WE WON: HAIG'S LAST DISPATCH.

CAUSES THAT HELPED US TO VICTORY AT LAST.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG's final dispatch is published to-day.

It details briefly with the closing episode of the great war—the advance of the British forces into Germany and the occupation of the bridgehead east of the Rhine at Cologne. Then it goes on, with greater detail, to a summary of the whole western war, viewed as one mighty battle from the Swiss frontier to the sea.

As regards the first part of the dispatch, Sir Douglas Haig provides an answer to those enthusiasts who argue that we ought never to have allowed an armistice at all, but to have continued the fight to the end, "since we had the Germans beaten."

He reminds us that our triumphal pro-

gramme. He confines himself to the western struggle—does not touch upon the old debate between "Easterners" and "Westerners"; adopts the "attrition" theory; and regards the last German advance of March 21, 1918, as their "supreme effort" corresponding to that of Napoleon's last reserves at Waterloo.

In fact, we were winning all the time—but we both knew it!

But why was the victory so bitter and the contest so long?

First, because we were unprepared. "The full man-power of the Empire was never developed in the field at any period of the war.

NOT READY.

"As regards material, it was not until midsummer, 1916, that the artillery situation became even approximately adequate to the conduct of major operations. Throughout the Somme battle the expenditure of artillery ammunition had to be watched with the greatest care. During the battles of 1917 ammunition was plentiful, but the gun situ-

THE PROPOSED TAX ON BACHELORS.—No. 3.



The reveries of the poor fellow as he remembers the girls who might have accepted him!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

grass, under armistice conditions, would have given place to infinite misery for the French in the advance to the German frontier. And he adds:—

"Had our advance been conducted against active opposition, even from a beaten and demoralised enemy, our progress must have been greatly delayed. The difficulties of supply would have been enormously increased in many ways, among which would have been the necessity of bringing forward large quantities of ammunition. Bridges, railways and roads would have been destroyed in front of us or blown up after we had passed, by delay-action mines. Immense loss would have been caused to property of all descriptions and incalculable suffering inflicted upon the inhabitants of the invaded districts of Belgium, France and Luxembourg."

That is at least worth remembering in deed!

The Commander-in-Chief then pays a tribute to the conduct of our troops during this last phase. He speaks of the "inborn courtesy and good temper of the British soldier."

We come next to the "general features"

of the whole war.

Sir Douglas Haig wishes us to regard the operations of four and a half years as a single

tion was a source of constant anxiety. Only in 1918 was it possible to conduct artillery operations independently of any limiting consideration other than that of transport."

And earlier, at the start, in 1914, what an escape!

"The margin by which the German onrush in 1914 was stemmed was so narrow and the subsequent struggle so severe that the word 'miraculous' is hardly too strong a term to describe the recovery and ultimate victory of the Allies."

A good thing that the Commander-in-Chief recognises the "miracle." We shall not have learned the lesson of the war if we emerge from it thinking that "we were bound to win"—as so many people do.

Sir Douglas then expounds his views on the relative superiority of attack over defence in war, though he does not define the quality of the attack meant or perhaps sufficiently insist on the supreme need of fine leadership, and he ends by alluding to the "rapid collapse of Germany's military powers" in 1918 as "the logical outcome of the previous two years."

And the naval side? The Jutland affair? The Eastern campaigns? There it was not Sir Douglas' business to analyse.

THE BACHELOR TAX.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS ON THIS AND OTHER SUGGESTIONS.

ADDED THEM!

WHY this talk of taxing bachelors? Would it not be a good thing to tax the married man with no family?

He might then avoid the tax by adopting a few war babies! K. F.

"THE LEAST BURDENED."

I CAN'T understand so many "happy bachelors" writing to the papers protesting that the increased cost of living debars them from marrying, when it is a well-known fact that old bachelorhood was too prevalent during the years that living was dirt cheap.

To make men marry is not the Chancellor's concern, but to raise the money fairly to pay his country's debts. ONE OF THE MARRIED. Bournemouth.

THEY WON'T HAVE HIM!

HOW can you force a man into marriage unless you force the girls to marry, or to accept the first offer of marriage made them?

I know a fairly well-to-do man who has asked three different girls to marry him. Each has refused.

Is he to be taxed?

N. B.

THE BACHELOR TAX.

A TAX of bachelors would be grossly unfair if it were to include those who have been obliged to remain unmarried. I refer to my own case and many similar ones, who, owing to their parents' unfortunate financial losses, have been called upon to keep the home going for periods extending to nearly twenty years.

Then there is the deal fairer to tax the newly-married man, who has lived at home in luxury all his life and has never paid anything towards his keep, and has in addition received an allowance from his parents which has been spent in dress and enjoyment. A BACHELOR of 40.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSES.

YOUR leading article brings into prominence a point of view often lost sight of when "the housing question" is considered in the mass, and I am afraid you are very right when you say, "Governments don't as a rule care for the beauty of houses."

The story of Britain has ever been her countryside, a view of which is not to be matched in any part of the globe, and this in spite of—or more correctly because of—our variegated climate, against which the ever-present grumbler who, after all, is in our hearts of hearts, we only regard as a joke, inveighs.

Of this countryside the cottage of cob or brick or stone, whitewashed, thatched or tiled, forms an essential feature, since it is an expression of that sense of the beautiful which is the outcome of a feeling of harmony with their surroundings engendered in those who for generations have been part and parcel of the locality in which they have lived.

To dump down, in such districts, ugly, inappropriate and antipathetic houses would be nothing less than sacrilege.

T. J. CLARK.

FAIRY TALES IN EDUCATION.

As a believer and reciter of fairy tales, I am appalled at the ignorance of the wise and prudent.

They will find it an easier task to count the drops in the ocean than to try to do away with fairies!

Those who, like myself, had the privilege of attending Miss Marie Sheldon's ("America's 'fairy godmother") course of lectures a few years ago on the art of telling fairy stories know their value, their importance, their beauty. Imagination is the chief handmaid of sympathy, sympathy and comprehension are one; and what is comprehension but love—the fulfilling of the Divine law.

The founders of the two great religions, Buddhism and Christianity, Gantama and Christ, taught by means of legend, parable or fairy story (the same principle given another name). Wolverhampton.

ALLEGRO.

SONNET.

Sooner than Love should abdicate his throne
To mingle in the slough of common things
Changing his aerial face and fiery wings
For something less than God's a noble minion
To be a swain and to be a jester's mimic
To vain desire and those false underlings,
The gods of gold and fame, the little kings
Who rule this world—and men do fawn upon.

Would I forgo the glory of his face,
Unprivileged to kiss his royal hand,
And be a stranger to his lofty praise;
Like to a naked wight, a hulking knave,
Finding no pleasure of Love's verdant ways,
Speaking no tongue that he could understand.

A. B.

IN MY GARDEN.

April 10—Now is the best time to move evergreen shrubs. The reason that these subjects are often dug shortly after planting is that they are put in their new quarters during the winter. But if carefully dug up with plenty of soil attached to their roots, hollies, laurels and most evergreens may be successfully set out at this season.

Give plenty of water should dry weather follow planting and continually syringe the foliage in the evening. During the summer mulch the surrounding soil with strawy material, leaf mould or lawn mowings.

E. F. T.



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A MINIMUM AGE FOR HUSBANDS.

SHOULD A MAN UNDER THIRTY BE ALLOWED TO MARRY?

By W. HAROLD THOMSON.

The author suggests that such a law would result in fewer but happier marriages.

THIS Woman, the Genial Cynic, and I had been discussing marriage, and frankly the Cynic had been setting a pretty warm pace for us.

"You both know," he protested, "that I am not so foolish as to attack marriage itself. I regard it as an excellent and a necessary institution."

"But," the Woman remarked, "you have just been recounting the unhappy marriages of which you, personally, know. You have been trying to prove that only a small percentage of wedded couples find, after, say, a year or two, that they have at best anything beyond a mild affection for each other."

Irritated by the Genial Cynic's air of superiority, I said: "Destructive criticism is easy. Can you do anything on the constructive side?"

He nodded at once.

"To begin with," he said, "I'd bring in a law, if I had my way, making it an offence for any man to marry before he reached a certain age. I suggest thirty."

The Woman and I gasped mildly.

"Preposterous!" said she.

WHOLESOME RESULTS.

"I realise quite well," he went on, "that my suggestion is not merely open to criticism, but lends itself to abuse. Many girls and women will be against me—and whole divisions of boys and young men. That, however, is not the point; the point is—what is best for the community as a whole?"

"Now I have given some serious thought to the thing, and I do honestly believe that if the legal age at which a man could marry was placed at thirty, there would be most wholesome results."

"One of the results would be," the Woman pointed out rather rashly, "that heaps and heaps of men would never marry at all. Knowing that they couldn't wed until they were thirty the girls with whom they had fallen in love at, say, twenty-five, they would just decide to be bachelors."

"Not if at thirty they still loved the girls whom they'd loved at twenty-five," the Cynic murmured.

"I see what you mean," said the Woman, "and really, you know, you are a cynic."

"A cynic," he returned, "is the name applied to anyone who voices unpopular truths. However, I stick to my point and to the point with which you have kindly supplied me—I agree I am expanding your view somewhat—that the man who reaches the age of thirty without having married and who then decides to go to the altar or the register office will be a man for whom marriage will in all probability prove to be a success."

"At thirty he will have or should have well-balanced views. He will probably have sown and reaped his wild oats—though I am not putting that process forward as a necessity. He will be fairly well established as an income earner."

UNPOPULAR WITH YOUTH.

"Now, look here!" I interjected. "this is all very fine, y'know, but what of all the thousands of men who have married at twenty-one or twenty-five—happily, too!"

The Cynic regarded me patiently, then said:

"I am aware of these facts, but they do not alter my view. Granted that many men of twenty-five know their own minds, as the saying goes, and that many men of thirty-five do not, I insist that in general the older men are more stable, more wise, more to be trusted when it comes to so serious a matter."

Supposing for a moment that by prohibiting the wedding of any man under thirty you reduced the number of weddings by 50 per cent."

"Well?" the Woman and I asked together. "Well, wouldn't it be better to be moderately sure of your fifty than unsure of your hundred?"

"Now—I'm being quite frank—I believe that such a measure as I suggest would be unpopular with youngsters, and I believe that it would reduce the number of marriages very considerably. But I also believe that it would be a splendid raiser of marital felicity."

When we left him the Woman just shrugged her shoulders. For my part I walked along pondering.

I knew something that the Genial Cynic did not know that I knew. I knew that he himself was married and that he had been married at the age of twenty-two.

THE FUTURE OF THE REAL WAR GIRL.

WILL SHE EVER RETURN TO A LIFE OF PLEASURE?

By PAUL BEWSHER.

AT a dance in Bruges the other day I was introduced to an English khaki girl belonging to the F.A.N.Y.s.

As we danced I happened to mention the Bolshevik menace.

We sat out in the lounge and when the music rippled out its summons to the next dance, she said: "Let's sit this out. I want to hear about Bolshevism. It's more important and interesting than dancing!"

These were strange, and strangely agreeable, words from any girl. Soon we were plunged into a mass of suppositions and ideas about the instability of the world.

"I must stay here and help the refugees to settle down—there are years of work out here," she said suddenly. "I can't go back to England. I can't go back to the old life. I have been out here working with the Belgian Army for three years. We have been really in the war."

"Do you know, in the March offensive last year, we worked at Calais for a week without taking our clothes off! We were driving our ambulances all day and all night. Sometimes the poor men would die even as we lifted them from the train into the ambulance. We hardly slept two hours in the twenty-four."

"In the raids at Calais, too, we would go out when the bombs were still dropping. Sometimes we picked up pieces of people—yes, pieces of people, from the wrecked houses. You get hardened, you know—"

There she sat beside me, radiantly beautiful—a tall, slim girl, with hair of spun gold and eyes of a deep and thoughtful blue. She was essentially feminine; silk stockings and suede shoes, of well-matched tints, showed beneath her trim khaki skirt.

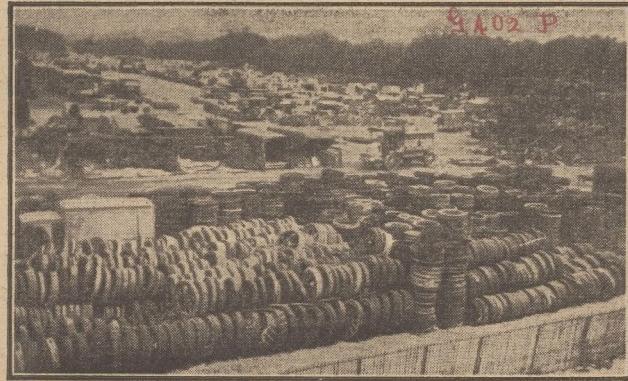
"Before the war," she continued in her soft musical voice, "I lived in a little village in Scotland. You can imagine the narrowness. There was nothing to do. There was no one to meet. It was quiet and monotonous. How can I go back to it? I am going to try to stay here in Belgium and France, because I must do something like that—I want to be of use."

Was I of any use in Scotland—riding a little, walking a little, shooting a little? I must travel. I must do work. I could never go back to the life of emptiness I used to live.

"To-morrow I am going to Cologne by way of Brussels to make arrangements for taking a convoy there. I am going to be in charge of a convoy for the first time. I am most tremendously pleased. Listen—a fox-trot, let's dance!"

As we swung round the lighted hall I wondered what her future would be. She was the real war girl who had left her home, had left comfort and a seduced life, and in hard and thankless work had found herself. Though she must have known that with her beauty and her accomplishments a glorious life, vibrating with pleasure, might be hers in London, yet she chose to stay in the hardships and discomforts of desolate France—to be of use.

That is one instance alone. There must be thousands of other girls like her. What will they do? What will they become?



NEW CARS FROM OLD.—A motor "hospital" at Vincennes, where old transport wagons are taken to pieces. The various parts are put into sections and new cars pieced together from them.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST SWALLOWS

HARBINGERS OF SPRING RETURNING FROM AFRICA.

By AN ORNITHOLOGIST.

ONE of the early migrant birds is so welcome as the house-loving swallow, Nature's most marvellous "airman," whose steel-blue wings bring him to our roofs and barns, and stables from the heart of Africa.

The swallow has no fuel or engine troubles;

and, most mysterious of all, he swoops homeward to us over deserts and seas through the darkness of night. Shall we ever unveil the secrets of this living machine, whose main "power" is an instinct which enables the bird, as the herald of our summer, to keep

its English appointment in early April, unlike the sun itself?

He left us last August, when the bracken was all gold. We saw him mobilise on the telegraph wires, or circle and twitter in flocks, before the great Expeditionary Force set out for the vast trek overseas.

The house martins lingered over their globed nests; the swallows gathered brigades and divisions for the southern flight—and the Hunnish hobby-hawks preyed upon the stragglers, as he also set out as a migrant, using the swallow flocks as food on the southward way.

How do we know where the swallows go in winter?

Because of late we have marked many specimens, as biologists mark certain fish, requesting reports from the finders, so as to trace the passage of valuable food-shoals.

A Staffordshire swallow has been found in Natal. Another from Lancashire was caught on the Cape veldt; a third from Ayrshire was recovered in the Orange Free State, and that so late as mid-March.

Now this going and coming of the swallows puzzled our forefathers mightily. Even serious observers of an unscientific day—Gilbert White himself—thought that they dived into ponds and there slept the winter away under water!

Undoubtedly stray and feeble specimens have been noted on our South Coast as late as Christmas and beyond. It is not known why these slackers stay behind; none of them survive our winter.

The swallow loves the haunts of man. Even in the ruined war zones I found their saucer-shaped nests in isolated gun-pits.

Here at home the first swallows love a chimney or the company of cows and horses in meadow or barn. They won't build in the eaves as the martin does; but they'll come indoors in the nesting season if they can and hang their broad nests to any support that walls or ceilings can afford.

In all ages this familiar (and most punctual) visitor has been hailed as a harbinger of the sun, and a sign that the long winter, with all its vapours and discontent, is definitely over.

Then, as now, the first swallows brought happiness to all. They were a symbol of genial warmth and the earth's resurrection. Their twittering was the forerunner of all the merry music of April choirs, whereof the lovely culmination is the darkling love-chant of the nightingale.

DROPPING THE DEMOBILISED PILOTS.

FLYING MEN WHO ARE NOW BACK ON OFFICE-STOOLS.

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

The author of "Victory" and many other successful plays writes here from knowledge gained during his service in the Royal Air Force.

IN the final issue of the Royal Air Force Journal, which I edited in the last year or so of the war, there appeared what is journalistically known as a "skit," announcing the institution of a new branch of the force.

The early prospect of cross-Atlantic flights, it avered, would necessitate the establishment of large rafts, kept in position under their own power, wherein the cross-ocean craft might alight for the purpose of repairs or renewing stocks of petrol.

Who would like to be a raft-keeper, R.A.F.?

The extravagant absurdity of the "skit" may be adjudged by its promise of free mustard and cress sold to the lonely raft-keeper. He was also told that his uniform would be "a blend of the old R.F.C., old R.N.A.S., recent khaki R.A.F., present R.A.F. blue and a new colour to be selected, with a view to making raft-keepers readily distinguishable in a crowd."

The article, therefore, bore the label "Joke" written across its face in heavy capitals. But incredible as it may seem, it met with a very serious reception.

THE PROMISED CAREER.

The Air Ministry received several score of applications to join this bogus raft-service, and some of the letters made very funny reading indeed.

But was there not a tragic side to all this lack of humour? Did it not reveal that the end of the war brought a rude awakening to numbers of young men who had put their faith in flying as a career? Was it not evidence—and very early evidence—that men who had learnt to fly in the war realised that with mighty few exceptions they must take menial duties in connection with the great game, or drop out of it altogether?

During the war, I, in the R.A.F. Journal, in common with many other recruiting agents, such as lecturers, preached to the eligible young man that here was the one branch of the fighting services where a man might learn something that would be useful to him in post-war life.

Here was a new industry, a new profession—prospect illimitable. The Government would train you, and pay you to learn. After the war it would cost you perhaps £100 before you would be trusted with a machine. Now you might have a thorough and exhaustive training and . . . machines to smash!

What a lot of nonsense we wrote and talked! Needless to say it was done in perfect sincerity. We had honestly convinced ourselves that the capable pilot who survived the war would find remunerative employment in a flying capacity—and said so. But how very different from the promise is the realisation! . . . Pilots are a drug in the market.

"JIMMY AS HE WAS—AND IS."

The dream of captaincies of cross-Atlantic airships, of high-salaried commissions by eagerly competing aeroplane manufacturers, of big fees cheerfully tendered by progressive municipalities, of luxurious Civil Service posts under the Postmaster-General—is dead and buried.

Only bitterness is left, and a sneer for that droning machine overhead which once they glorified to guide.

I get some sad letters. There is still, with many, a lingering hope that they may fly again.

Some of them have got minor jobs on an athletic youngster of twenty-one; others are clerking. Here is one who says he is destined for a printing and publishing business; another tells me with many notes of exclamation that he is really and truly sitting on a stool in a bank . . . and it is spring. Overhead the sky is often blue. These splendid fellows don't look upwards nowadays.

Opposite the satirical essay referred to at the beginning of this article I published some sketches. One was of a typical clerk, and was entitled: "Jimmy as he was." The next showed a typical flying man in full flying kit and was entitled: "Jimmy as he is."

Beneath these two pictures was shown a street scene in the City—in the foreground many young men in bowlers and silk hats carrying small bags to their work.

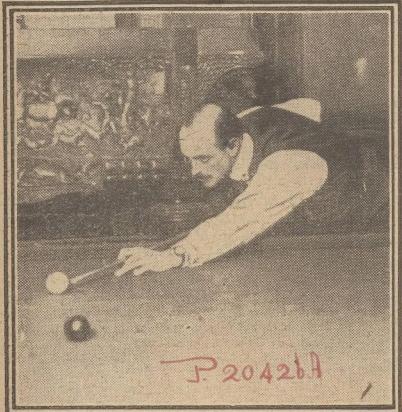
To this last picture I gave the caption: "And do you really think he'll go back to this?" . . . But he has gone back to it.

WOMEN IN NEWS.



Miss Pauline Markham, the late Mr. J. F. Foote's principal lady, who has won St. Louis, was described as "England's most beautiful actress."

Ruth Garrison, aged eighteen, of Boston, who has admitted that she poisoned Mrs. Storrs, the wife of the man she loved, with a doped cocktail.



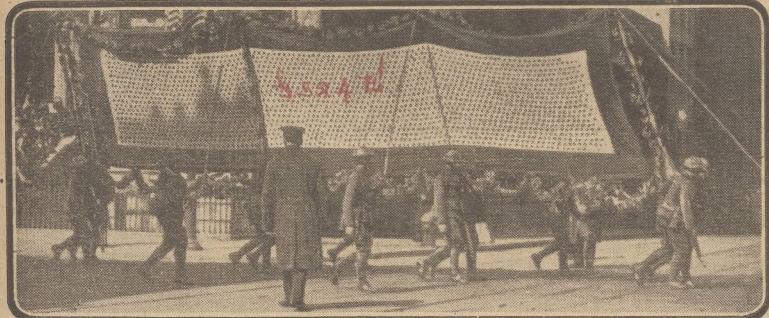
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ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP. — S. H. Fry, the amateur billiards champion, is now also snooker pool champion. He defeated T. N. Palmer, the holder.

MINERS SOLID FOR SANKEY REPORT.



Eight for and one against. Judging from these figures there will be no strike in the coalfields. Above Durham miners placing their papers in the ballot box and making their cross. Pencils are hung on the colliery gate for the men's convenience.



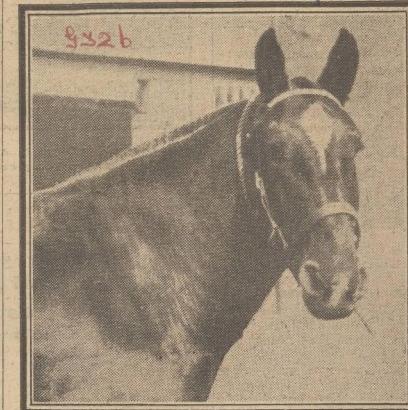
IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD. — The 27th Division of the U.S. Army returns to New York. The enormous flag, which was draped with flowers, was in memory of those who fell in action.



THE REPARATION COMMITTEE. — Group taken at Paris. Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier (centre with hands in pockets), and on his left Lord Sumner, formerly Lord Justice Hamilton.



V.A.D. COOK. — Miss Chaftie McIlwowie, Belfast, £5 prize.



SURE OF A GOOD HOME. — Commandeered in 1914 from Mr. Ernest Moy, of Frinton-on-Sea, this war veteran has again been purchased by its former owner for £42^{gs} and will be employed on light duty.



V.A.D. — Miss Mercie P. Buist, Ilford, £5 prize.



CLERK. — Miss Gwendoline Page, Newcastle, £5 prize.

EARL'S S



Lady Hilda Strutt, the wife of the Hon. Lord Rayleigh's hei



KILLED IN ACTION
of South Milford,
against the Bolsheviks
France in 1918



A £10 PRIZE. — Miss Tyne, Wom

R DEAD

NEW LORD MAYOR'S FIRST CEREMONY.



Within a few minutes of his election, the new Lord Mayor of Manchester presented a gold watch to Lance-Corporal Jack White-Weiss, V.C., 6th Battalion K.O. Royal Lancashire Regiment. The Lord Mayor took office on the death of his predecessor.



A MODEL DWELLING.—Dr. Addison inspects a model house made from Local Government Board plans. The Government has approved 224 schemes, though it is not known yet how many houses will be built.



FARM WORK.—Miss Violet Jeffries, Epping, £5 prize.

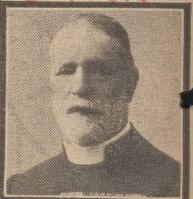


NURSE.—Miss Humphries, Llandudno, £5 prize.

THE LAST DISPATCH



Lt.-Gen. A. L. E. Gath mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's last dispatch. He was chief of the Belgian Mission attached to British G.H.Q.



The Rev. T. M. Simes, D.D., chaplain, whose zealous Sir Douglas Haig expresses sincere gratitude in his last dispatch.



PURCHASED BY THE QUEEN.—Crayon drawing of Miss Vanda Lalroh, the actress, who has been appearing in "When Knights Were Bold."



WAR MATERIAL SOLD.—Timber put up for auction by the Canadian Government. Army wagons, tents, carpenters' tools and other articles useful to the farmers fetched good prices.



MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS.—Mrs. Mann, Wandsworth, £5.



ANOTHER "DRY" COUNTRY?—New Zealand soldiers voting on the Prohibition issue at a polling station in Bloomsbury-square, London, yesterday. A woman voter is waiting her turn.

suddenly. She was
sudden, D.Sc., F.R.S.
of the Earl of

Bryan Parker,
ed in the fighting
nsk. He went to
ice wounded.

Newcastle-on-
nd R.A.S.C.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



A hitherto unpublished portrait of Lady Diana Somerset.



Mrs. Mitchell, R.A., a worker at a shipyard station.

M.P.'S STAY IN TOWN.

The Return of the One-Act Play.—Hot Cross Buns Again.

BUT FOR THE FACT THAT Mr. Lloyd George is to make an important speech on the adjournment for the Easter holidays, there would probably have been a large exodus of M.P.s from town this week-end. Two of three members of the House have told me during the last few days that the high pressure at which the Government have been driving the Parliamentary machine has told severely upon their physical and nervous resources.

A Change for the Better.

Certainly no Government of modern times has made more progress with Bills of an important character before the Easter adjournment as this one. This, of course, is due to the alteration in the Rules of Procedure, which enables the Government to send practically the whole of its Bills for consideration on the committee stage to Grand Committees upstairs immediately after the second reading.

Home Hunger.

General Smuts, I am told, is very anxious to return home to South Africa. He has not seen his wife and family for four years. It was only his high sense of patriotism which took him to Hungary, but now he has returned from his mission we may expect to have to say "good-bye" to the distinguished soldier-politician.

Of World-Wide Interest.

I noticed an Indian woman in native costume of rose-coloured silk at the debate of the Union Society of London, which took place in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, the other night. She listened attentively to Miss Helena Normanton's excellent appeal that all branches of the legal profession should be open to women.

A Fifth Inn?

Miss Normanton told me that she deprecated a suggestion that an additional Inn should be established for women if the doors of the legal profession are opened to them. Women lawyers will have to mix with their male colleagues if they are to enjoy equal opportunities of business.

Colonel Cadell, V.C.

A soldier son of Colonel Cadell, V.C., who died this week, formed the subject of one of Sir Henry Newbolt's finest poems. He was the young officer whose body that stout old warrior, Sir Pertab Singh, helped to carry to the grave in defiance of the Brahmins.

The Kaiser's Jockey.

Fred Winter, who has returned to the saddle in this country after an absence of seven years, is the only jockey now riding who has donned the Kaiser's colours. He held a retainer from the Royal Gradiot Stud.

The Hero of Jutland.

The Leicestershire County Cricket Club are fortunate in securing Admiral Beatty as their



Miss Teddy O'Neill, to play in 'Hullo, Paris!' Captain de Gourlaing in Sir Alfred Butt's new 'In the Night Watch' Paris revue.



Mr. C. V. France, as Captain de Gourlaing in 'In the Night Watch' at the Oxford.

president. His enthusiasm for cricket is only second to his love for the hunting field.

Cigars Scarcer.

I hear complaints of a growing scarcity of cigars and cigarettes, as well as tobacco, at the smaller shops. The explanation given is, "Everybody is waiting for the Budget."

F.A.N.Y.s as Guards of Honour.

Miss Audrey Charlesworth, who was married at Sloane-street to Major Ainslie yesterday, was very proud of her guard of honour, formed by members of the F.A.N.Y., that wonderful Nursing Yeomanry which began work in France in 1914 and with whom the bride worked for over a year.

A Famous Castle.

The bride wore a dress of white charmeuse with a pink and silver train, and was followed by seven bridesmaids in blue and silver. Her father, the late Mr. Joseph Charlesworth, resided at the famous Glenapp Castle, to which beautiful home Captain Arthur Stock took his bride, Lady de Clifford.

Early Victorian Attendants.

Lord Emmott's little granddaughter and General Pope Hennessy's son made a charming couple at St. Margaret's yesterday, when they carried the train of Sir Willoughby Dickinson's daughter Joan, who was married to Mr. Bonar Law's private secretary, Mr. John Davidson, son of the late Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, the famous specialist. They were dressed in Early Victorian costumes in pale yellow.

Ears Permitted.

Some of the very smart Parisiennes are allowing bits of their ears to show again. It is their opinion that bobbed hair and the dressing that simulates it is ageing to all but



Miss E. Mary Davies, A.P. Massage Corps, appears in "Kissing for War-Time" at the Winter Garden Theatre.

the ingenue. Hair off the ears makes the mature woman look ever so much younger than her age, they aver.

Her Favourite Flower.

I hear the azalea is Miss Elzabeth Asquith's favourite flower. She is having the beautiful scheme of colouring suggested in its hues depicted in the bridal procession, while azaleas will also be largely used in the decorations.

A Meteoric Golfer.

Lord Charles Hope, who has made such a fine start in the Sandy Lodge tournament, is no newcomer to the golfing arena. Before the war—tiresome but inevitable phrase—he gave some dazzling but somewhat meteoric displays in open and amateur championships.

Evolutions of the Scarf Feminine.

I notice amazing evolutions of the scarf. Every woman is taking one away with her for Easter. The latest cry demands satin ribbon half a yard wide striped, starred or bowered with fringed ends, and at a cost not wise to think too much about.

Tube Queues.

The alteration of the tube fares was responsible in many stations yesterday morning for long ticket queues. The automatic machines are having to be readjusted. As a consequence, passengers who were in the habit of dropping "a penny in the slot" had to take their places outside the booking-offices.

Truth About Brown Boots.

Holiday-makers will regret the extraordinary shortage of brown boots and shoes. Retailers are severely rationed. I hear of one who was allowed only 20 per cent. "browns" on a cash order of £500. Meanwhile our factories are night and day executing orders for Belgium.

Proprietary Lamentation.

The proprietor of eight seaside private hotels deplores the lack of capable women to control his houses during the summer season. He further deplores the fact that the wages of such as offer themselves to him are 100 per cent. up.

Younger Set at the Palace.

There is a great deal of coming and going at Buckingham Palace just now. Princess Mary invites her special girl friends to tea and the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert have their intimates for smoking and billiards. Frequently both gatherings join up and have an impromptu dance—the first dances of such a kind ever held at the Palace.

The Queen's Fans.

When I saw the Queen at "Abraham Lincoln," the other night she was using a beautiful ostrich feather fan. She must be pleased that fans are once again in vogue, for hers is the finest private collection in the world.

The London Group.

The latest exhibition by that interesting little coterie of artists who call themselves the London Group will be on show to the public at the Mansard Gallery, Tottenham Court-road, to-morrow. There are one or two purely eccentric canvases, but the influence of the artists appears to be waning.

A Great Portrait.

I was particularly struck by a wonderful portrait of W. H. Davies, the poet, by Miss Nina Hamnett, an artist who always shows sincerity, and who has an occasional inspiration, "Mother and Child," by E. Meninsky, perhaps a little conventional, but full of atmosphere and feeling.

Hot Cross Buns.

My baker tells me that Good Friday will be the first day for three years it will be permissible to sell "new" buns, and already he is compelled not to take any more orders.

No Dates for Antelopes!

In the Antelope House at the Zoological Gardens the other day I saw a somewhat pathetic notice which read, "These animals must not be fed on bread, buns, nuts, dates or other stone fruit." It was, of course, a pre-war notice.

Johnny Won't Hit-to-day.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas is suffering from a "game" leg, due to playing football. He must stick to cricket.

"Sammie" Subsidized.

American soldier (to bus conductor): "Say, are you the Bank?" "Yes, sir," says "Sammie" (scanning the notice boards): "Guess I don't see no Bank nowhere." "Sorry, sir, it's a bit large to carry about wiv me—but op' on, an' I'll let yer see it when we gets ther."

One Year Old.

"The Naughty Wife" celebrates her first anniversary at the Playhouse to-day. It may be remembered that this was one of the first plays the King visited after the armistice.

Enterprise.

In addition to "The Chinese Puzzle," with three matinees a week, a new play is being put on at the New Theatre, to run for the three vacant matinees. Its title is "Time to Wake Up," and it starts to-day. In the cast are Miss Clare Greet,

Miss Dorothy Lane (she is) and Mr. J. Fisher White.

Thrills and Trills.

"The House of Peril" at the Queen's Theatre seems to exercise a particular fascination over vocalists and prime donne. Three of our greatest singers, Mme. Clara Butt, Mme. Alvarez

and Mme. Melba have recently visited it, the last-named being greatly amused at the reference made to her world-famous rendering of "Home, Sweet Home!" by Fritz Wachner and his "Pussycat." The Princess Royal and Princess Maud were present on Wednesday afternoon.

One-Actors."

As a result of the announcement of Mr. Albert de Courville's plans for the Little Theatre, he has been inundated with one-act plays of every description and from all quarters. Over a thousand have already been delivered at his office, and several well-known names are included in the list of authors. So far, however, no play has been submitted by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones!

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SPECIAL OFFER TO RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS FREE SAMPLE OF ODDS ON OILS

Rubbed into the painful part will effect instant relief and cure. They impart softness and freedom to the joints.

Miss Clare Greet,
Miss Dorothy Lane (she is) and Mr. J. Fisher White.

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Do not suffer longer helpless! On sale at BOOTS' 550 BRANCHES, and other chemists, in 1/2 and 3/- bottles or sent direct post free on receipt of 1/- or 3/-.

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TRY DUKE'S NUT FRUIT SQUARES

A SLIP OF A GIRL

CHAPTER I.

PETER—AND A PRINCESS.

THE June sunlight had made ninepins of Peter Lathom's good resolutions.

Before breakfast he had mapped out quite a strenuous morning's work; and even as he loaded an after-breakfast pipe and strolled out to meet the postman coming up the garden path he had made a show of keeping these resolutions up to the mark.

"Just this one pipe, and then to settle down to work. Mustn't slack, Peter," he told himself firmly—as one who knew Peter's weaknesses of old.

Yet somehow the call of the June morning, the magic that was abroad in the fresh wind and the sunlight, tempted him out through the gate. There for a moment he paused guiltily—only for a moment.

"Time to stretch my legs as far as the green—wore all the better for it," he explained soothingly to his conscience. And the garden gate clicked behind him.

The straggling village street stretched away invitingly, steeped in drowsy sunlight. He had discovered Heathersett quite by chance—just a handful of ancient cottages clustering round an old Norman church, with mossy grey roofs and white plaster walls cross-topped with time-stained beams. What was a sheer delight to the artist in him! That was a week ago. Peter had found rooms to let in the village and had taken up his quarters there till further notice.

He was young, only three-and-twenty, with a good-humoured boyish face so irresistibly likeable that it made more good looks a thing of minor importance. Children playing in the village street, their mothers gesturing at open doorways—all seemed to have a smile for the tall, broad-shouldered man in that deplorably sensible paint-stained Norfolk jacket—Peter being the sort of sociable person who couldn't have helped making friends if he had tried.

In the length of the street he found so many acquaintances to talk to, including curly-haired kiddies and dogs, that almost before he realised it that one first pipe was well on its way to becoming a third, and finally Peter with a sigh dug a grove for those good resolutions of work which recently interred them.

Blossoming orchards, where the bees droned, nodded as he as he strode along; the air was full of the drifting scent of may. It was good merely to be alive. The letter the post had brought reposed unopened in his pocket. Peter had a dim suspicion there might be something in it to ruffle his cheerful mood. All the more reason for not opening it yet. Why spoil a morning like this?

Beyond the village a doddering signpost stood where four ways met. He paused, momentarily undecided before the choice of roads. Decrepit weather-beaten fingers pointed down three of them, still displaying some half-obiterated lettering for anyone interested in solving puzzles. As for the fourth finger—but there was no fourth finger; all that was left was a decayed stump.

That broken stump settled the question for him. It seemed to point dumbly and mysteriously to the unknown, an unnamed road of adventure. Of course, Peter took it.

Perhaphs—who knows?—some special destiny interested in Peter Lathom had purposely broken off the fourth finger from the signpost to lead him to this.

But that's the story.

He set off down what began as a road, and then, as if thinking better of it, narrowed to a grassy lane deep-cut between steep bracken-covered banks. So crooked a lane, and with so many windings, that it was impossible to tell where it led. But it led to the most mysterious place leads somewhere in the end. Quite abruptly the wood broke on his full view—and even then Peter did not know that it was to prove a Magic Wood and that he was on the threshold of High Adventure.

The lane became a path through it, twisting in and out among protruding roots. But Peter did not know that the trees, the tangled bushes, the soft soil of tangled woodland were so much more than with their quivering scattered lights and dim green shadows. Patriarchs of the forest most of them, beech trees and oaks gnarled with age, dreaming in the haze of eternal blue, like old men nodding in their sleep.

Beneath was a mat of dense undergrowth, the clinging vines trailing branches that clutched spitefully at him as with witches' fingers as he passed. Just such a tangled forest as this, it might have been, that had grown up about the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty when the Prince came to break the spell and waken her by a kiss from her enchanted sleep.

The thought came to Peter, as he flung himself down under the twin boughs of a beech, that he might have seen the passing of a hundred Junes. He lay on his back, lazily watching the smoke curling up from his pipe, and remembered he had once vaguely planned a picture with Sleeping Beauty as the subject.

Perhaps it was the spell of the forest working—but all at once he seemed to see that un-painted masterpiece quite clearly, as never before. Peter pulled himself to his feet, all the artist in him suddenly aglow.

"It ought to be great if I can only paint it as I see it!" he told himself, as he strode along oblivious of everything except the picture he was mentally creating on canvas. "I'll start on it straight away. Just the two figures: the Princess lying asleep, her dog curled up at her

feet—I forget if there was a dog in the story, but he'll paint well—and the Prince getting his first glimpse of Beauty."

Peter broke off abruptly and caught his breath. It was as though a fairy tale had suddenly come true, and here in the heart of this dreaming, ancient beech wood he had found—suns the Sleeping Princess herself!

His footfalls had led him unconsciously to a clearing in the wood . . . and there, lying fast asleep in a hammock swing between two trees, was a girl who made for his eyes the most beautiful picture in the world, with sunlight through over-arching boughs finding glints of gold imprisoned in the cloud of dusky glints that any artist would have longed to paint.

For a moment before this unexpected vision, there was like a materialisation of his dreaming thoughts. Peter stood with eyes held as if by a spell.

But almost at once reality detached itself from the illusion of the fairy story. Instead of an enchanted castle in the background stood a green-painted, very modern caravan, and the girl, too, was a girl of today, so far from being asleep, too, showed his teeth at the intruder and growled ominously.

A growl that awakened his mistress quite as effectively as the kiss of the Prince awakened Sleeping Beauty. She opened her eyes and looked across at Peter. Afterwards Peter could have told unerringly the moment when he had definitely over heard ears and eyes. It was then that the girl knew he was a prince—not a princess out of a fairy tale ought to have been, opened those big eyes of hers and met his.

"I'm awfully sorry to have awakened you," Peter stammered, suddenly, acutely conscious of that disreputable Norfolk jacket. He hoped she wouldn't mistake him for a tramp.

It was neither true nor a brilliant remark, as he realised now.

The hum of a distant church clock fell mellow-toned into the pause. The girl counted the strokes in apparent dismay.

"Twelve o'clock . . . oh, but I'm very glad you did!"

Peter felt that if he had been a blind man he would have fallen in love with her for his voice alone.

"For if I'd gone on sleeping . . . and that poor old man concierge!" she added.

He had never known before that there was any connection between puddings and princesses. She slid down from the hammock and ran to the caravan. Peter had a sudden sense of loss as she vanished within. It was as though some of the radiance of the morning had gone, too. The dog, a nondescript terrier, sat on guard on the steps of the van, growling at him. Peter knew that he was keeping an eye on him.

A voice suddenly came from the interior:

"Don't be an idiot, Peter!"

It took the astonished Peter Lathom a full moment to realise that the reproof had been intended not for him, but for a four-legged Peter—when in his defiance of their orders he had run off to H.Q., continuing to growl.

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Peter pulled himself to his feet, all the artist in him suddenly aglow.

"When I have a honeymoon, I shall undoubtedly spend it in a green van in a wood," he told himself as he walked on.

And the real partner of such a honeymoon!—in fact, certainly she would make puddings and sing that particular snatch of a song!

Peter had quite forgotten that unpainted masterpiece.

"A long time ago . . ."

And oh, the lift in the clear young voice! Far overhead a lark was singing, too. Peter paused to listen—not to the song in the sky, however ruffling to the lark's vanity the truth might have been.

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For a moment before this unexpected vision,

Peter Lathom surveyed critically the charcoal sketch he had made for his new picture, and looked profoundly dissatisfied with the results of an hour and a half's hard work.

"It's all wrong," he said with gloomy conviction. "If only I could have made a sketch like this girl, she would just like I saw her first, asleep in the hammock—now that would have been absolutely it. What a ripping picture she made!"

A picture by comparison with which how woefully uninspired his own looked! He glared at the offending sketch. What if his people had been right after all, and he had been a fool to think he could ever paint it?

Even his pipe wouldn't keep alight. It was a hard world.

It was an ideal spot he had found to paint in—the garden of a great old house that had stood empty for years. The rambling wooded grounds were a wilderness now, but beautiful still in their neglect.

THE MYSTERY OF A SHOE.

THE place where Peter generally worked was close by a board setting forth the pains and penalties of trespass.

It was no good tinkering at that hopeless sketch; he wouldn't waste any more time over it. He picked up his painting things and made his way to a corner of the grounds to deposit them in a tool shed there before going to pay an afternoon call on the heart of the wood—the further end of which he could see over the enclosing garden wall. As he bundled them into the shed Peter felt it wouldn't matter much if some trespassing tramp made a clean sweep of the lot.

Beyond the wall, on the side of an ancient barn, its crumbling bricks a glory of yellow lichen, his eye caught again the upper part of a flaunting poster depicting a boot three times life-size.

Peter had writhed when four days ago he had seen an unshaven ruffian with a paste-pot slap that nightmare boot on to the barn—not merely because it was like an outrage on the face of nature, but for definite personal reasons. He writhed now as his eyes inadvertently fell on it. Across the poster realistic bootlaces were made to form the legend: "Lathom's Last from Lathom's Lass."

No doubt it was ingrataitude of him—for that boot was a foundation-stone of the family prosperity, had made his year at Julian's studio in Paris possible. Peter was the youngest son of James Lathom, who had built up a fortune by persuading the average Briton that he was almost criminally culpable if his feet were not seen in Lathom foot-leather.

His father and brothers looked exactly what they were—hard-headed, practical, without a trace of artistic gift we can imagine. Where Peter could have got his artistic temperament from was a perpetual source of wonder to his frankly-disapproving people. It was a thing hitherto unheard of in the Lathom family. Peter was perfectly aware—and he was quite cheerful notwithstanding—that he was regarded in the family as a sort of contemporary outcast who had had no more care for making money than a child. A son sometimes gets a little tired of those clever business brothers of his, with their patronising airs and their impenetrable talk of smart deals they had brought off. And he had grown to nurse an implacable hatred of that family fetish, the Lathom boot, black ingratitude as it might be.

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A dreamer! Mr. Lathom senior would say with a snort, in moments of bitterness, as though it was the tragedy of his life that a son of his should be a dreamer.

When one day Peter announced his desire to follow art as a career the whole family, recovering from the first stunned moment, had seemed to disbelief their ears. They could hardly have appeared more horrified. Peter reflected, with a little shiver of those clever business brothers of his, with their patronising airs and their impenetrable talk of smart deals they had brought off.

It had needed some courage to speak of those dreams of his in so unsympathetic an atmosphere. But Peter stuck to his guns, and all the heavy sarcasm of his brothers was so much wasted fire. At last the question had been met by compromise. Peter should go to Paris for a year to study, and for another year he might return to England. His father was to be allowed on whether he showed signs of making good. If he did not—well, he must drop "all this art tomfoolery" and enter the business. The Lathom family were secretly of opinion that this was how it would end.

Sometimes in moments of depression Peter thought so, too. Half the second year was gone. After all, what could he do? He had created a famous impression upon Peter II.

He was wondering whether this afternoon would be considered too soon for a first formal call—what was caravan etiquette? Fairly from behind him, from the green van, came the busy clatter of pans and crockery, and a girl's voice that sang:

The days we went a-spaying

At the offending boot missed it by a good yard—and was suddenly restored to cheerfulness by the thought that perhaps the inmates of the caravan might invite him to stay to tea.

This particular corner of the grounds, in its angle of the red-brick walls, had been a trim flower garden. It was rather a wild garden, forlorn now, with its weathered beds and mossy paths, and the marble rim of what had been a fountain lying deep among feathery flowering grasses was cracked and moss-grown. Yet the very wildness had a charm of its own for Peter, anything but a tidy person himself, and the straggling rose bushes were brave with

buds that the June suns would soon kiss into a riot of fragrant colour.

Peter looked at his watch. A little too early yet, perhaps, to pay his call. He leaned against the cracked pedestal of an old stone dragon with open jaws, that looked as if yawning in ennui from his pocket.

He would have been hurt to be told so—but he was no musician. Perhaps only a lifelong friend, sacrificing much at friendship's altar, could have endured five minutes of Peter on that cherished instrument. It was that snatch of a song the girl of the caravan had sung that he truly never expected.

"Don't seem quite to have got the hang of it yet," Peter told himself presently, with absolute truthfulness.

He tempted fate a second time. It was the surprise of Peter's life when, apparently from space, or the fourth dimension, a light suede shoe came flying down through the air at him with unmistakable vindictive intent.

Not a Lathom brand shoe; it was far too dainty. It was a shoe that he recognised with a little secret thrill. . . . Surely he had seen it before, and that only this morning. . . . As though it was the most natural thing in the world for trees to fruit so strangely Peter calmly picked up the shoe, put it in his pocket, and raised the penny whistle to his lips again.

It was a voice, not the fellow shoe, that protested this time, through those first tortured notes:

"Oh, please—not a third time!"

The entreaty in that cry might have touched the stone heart of the dragon. Peter looked round. A comic artist would have drawn a line of dots from his eye to the huge tree that thrust a gnomish head over the wall. That was from there the shoe had come, and the voice.

PATRICIA OF THE CARAVAN.

THE face of the girl of the caravan looked down on him through the sea of green leaves. "It didn't mean you to know I was in this tree—and I was wishing you would go so that I could get down," she explained a little breathlessly. "Only flesh and blood couldn't stand that penny whistle."

"Sorry you don't like my playing. It's considered one of my best parlour tricks," Peter said. "What was it you were—playing? No particular tune, I suppose?" she asked, with an air of great innocence.

Peter replied with dignity: "A very charming song—probably you've never heard of it. I believe it's called 'The days we went a-gipsying.'

"She laughed and demanded her shoe. He climbed up the rock with her to see what was on the other side of the wall," she told him, as he mounted the wall to help her down, and if you hadn't come when you did I was going to jump down to explore this lovely old garden."

"Didn't you see that notice-board warning people not to trespass?" Peter asked severely. They explored the garden together . . . and then Peter walked back with her to the wood. He had forgotten his jaded mood. Already that radiant vision by his side had brightened at tea. It pleased him to think that that kettle, already singing it might be on the caravan hob—or whatever caravans had in place of ovens—had been filled extra-full because of an expected third person to tea.

"If I consulted the wise woman of the village, I am sure she would tell me that this was my lucky day," said Peter.

She was bareheaded, and a capricious wind ruffled the dusky brown hair, sun-flecked with dancing lights and shadows; it whipped a soft strand across her face enchantingly. . . . At most she was nineteen, Peter decided—a slender slip of a girl, glowing with vivid youth and the joy of life, with April in her eyes, the changing moods of spring—but he couldn't be sure of their colour—only they made him think of the dark changing blue of deep seas, of dew-wet violets in dim woodland places. . . . The Sleeping Princess, with something waiting yet perhaps to be awakened in those eyes of hers, in her heart. . . . Only who would the fairy prince be whose kiss would awaken it?

Her dog rushed forward to meet them, barking excitedly and wagging his stumpy tail, as though he had forgotten his dark suspicions of the morning.

"Hello, Peter!" said the other Peter. And then a voice: "Oh, here you are at last, Peter!"

Peter found himself being introduced to the other caravanner, a tall woman of perhaps twice Peter's age, with character in a face that was too striking to be plain.

"Oh, Peter!" Pat cried gaily, "let me introduce Mr. Peter Lathom—who saved the pudding this morning!"

"I am still in the dark as to what dreadful tragedy I averted," Peter said.

Joan Harwood laughed, and Peter revised his first impression that she was plain. Laughter

(Continued on page 13.)





DON'T merely save for him—teach him to save too. Let him learn now the habit of thrift—that will make all the difference to his future.

Will he want a new bicycle—a fine model—a new outfit for his hobby—an of those things so dear to the heart of the human boy? Teach him to put by his pence and watch them grow. Let him look forward to things he will want in two, three or five years' time and save for a definite object.

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A SLIP OF A GIRL By SIDNEY WARWICK.

(Continued from page 12.)

lit up her face delightfully. He liked people who were gay and happy. In fact, his people's friends seemed always so jolly stiff and conventional. There was no formality now. All three were on the friendliest footing of pleasant intimacy by the time he was introduced to the caravan—a surprising place of space-economy, contrivances, where everything seemed convertible or collapsible.

"But what a squeeze a big man like you makes in a small room! It's lucky we're going to have tea out of doors."

A playbill was hanging up in the van. His landlady had told him she had heard the caravanners were "theatricals." The bill, that of a play recently produced in one of the larger provincial towns, gave colour to the rumour. Then he saw that the author's name was Joan Harwood.

"Then you wrote this play?" he cried to her. At their introduction Pat had spoken of her friend as a writer.

Pat answered for her.

"Yes; you see you're not the only distinguished person present! Joan's play was tried out in the country—and was such a hit that we're hoping for a London production."

"Good luck to it!" I say, it must be great to be a success. Always and things, cried Peter—and won Joan's heart. "And you, are you a celebrity, too?" to Pat. "You see, I only know half your name yet!"

"Oh, didn't I tell you it well. There it is in black and white." She pointed to the playbill, to a name in the cast, "Miss Patricia Chance."

Somewhat Peter wouldn't have thought of this girl so utterly natural and unaffected, as being of.

They had tea in the open, picnic fashion. He chased long-legged trespassing spiders and creepy, crawly things off the cloth whilst Pat poured out. It was all delightfully unceremonious—though doubtless their laughing, foolish nonsense would have been frowned on in the solemn atmosphere of the Lathom family circle. Peter found it difficult to realise that a few hours ago he'd even heard of Pat or Miss Harwood's existence. Oh, but certainly it was on of his lucky days!

"All of us are before the public—celebrities, or going to be," said Miss Patricia Chance. "You're already made good, Joan—and Mr. Lathom and I are going to. Here's luck to us all!" And raised her tea-cup gaily.

It was queer she should have used that phrase about being good. To Peter it seemed like a happy omen.

I wonder you aren't afraid the pixies'll get you, sleeping out like two babes in the wood," he said.

"I shouldn't like to be the pixy whom Peter—your namesake—got his teeth into," Patricia retorted. "If I was a bit scared at first—a forest at night seemed so full of ghostly sounds and voices—but I'm getting used to it well. Joan's strong-minded enough for both of us, and she shoo'd away the bogies."

Peter's afternoon call lengthened unconventionally. He was asked to stay to their nondescript evening meal. . . . Night had stolen upon the wood, and the moon had risen, hanging like a lamp above the distant hills, before he said good-bye.

I'm only glad you've come to Heathersett—it's only fault was that I was a bit hard-up for pals!"

It did not occur to Peter as odd that he should be saying this to two people whom yesterday he had not even heard of. But, then, already he seemed to have known them a long, long time, like old friends. . . . only that perhaps his feelings towards one of them weren't a bit like friendship.

At the edge of the wood, as he turned to look back, he could see their lantern, sifting through the caravan door, gleaming through the dusk of the trees.

It struck a shimmering track of light to his feet. . . . like a golden pathway leading away into the Kingdom of Dreams, whose capital is the City of Heart's Desire.

A VERY BIG BECAUSE.

THEIR intimacy ripened. Soon Patricia was sitting as a model for the masterpiece to be—and Peter had forgotten the first anguish that picture had cost him.

Usually he painted in the corner of the old neglected garden, with its guardian dragon, that was Pat's favourite spot; a place of coolness and mellow sunshine splashed with shadow, full of the odour of dewy earth and fresh growing things. Sometimes Joan Harwood would make a visit, and she had her own literary and more other than not they had the garden to themselves, unless Peter II. happened to drop in so that they shouldn't feel neglected.

The flying days went by; June was nearly over, and the roses ran riot in their corner by the old red wall. The picture was growing rapidly. It was good, Peter was sure it was good, the best thing he had ever done.

And the impact of colour came up with this girl who had dropped into his life each day to become more sweet, more dear, more necessary. Whilst his brush was painting, his mind would be weaving a hundred dreams about her, dreams unspoken yet. . . . His two brothers—Peter sometimes wondered if they had ever been young and dreamt dreams. He had the feeling that, if he hadn't got away from home, he would have been quite middle-aged and fossilised by this time. He felt like a boy when he was with Pat. . . .

She had been very sympathetic about the Lathom attitude.

"Oh, but you'll make good—I'm sure you will! Joan, don't you think this picture's quite beautiful?"

Joan laughed.

"That's vanity begging for compliments—

because Mr. Lathom has put a speaking likeness of Patricia Chance down on canvas!"

"Joan, don't be a pig," Pat protested indignantly.

"All right, I won't. And I honestly think the work is good—very good."

Peter had been at work on the picture—could be only three weeks? And could it be, too, that three weeks ago she had told him he'd like to fit in with their dreams undreamed before? He seemed to know her so well; and yet she had told him curiously little about herself; at times she seemed almost to be deliberately reticent. Towards him she showed herself just a frank, delightful comrade. Did she guess, he wondered, what she had come to mean to him?

Then, whatever Pat's thoughts, Joan Harwood was not blind. It was youth calling to youth, she knew—she knew. There were moments when this third of the trio felt somehow out of it; felt suddenly old and horribly envious—not of their happiness, she was too unselfish for that—but of something each had: the youth that had slipped past her. She was only thirty-six, yet she knew how old thirty-six must seem to the young.

"Pat, you know I'm beginning to feel neglected," she said one day abruptly.

"Joan!" cried Pat, her eyes wide, remorse in her voice. "I never thought—oh, I'm sorry!"

But Joan laughed.

"You didn't mean to—oh, I know; that's all right. I was only teasing you. And Peter's a nice boy, I like him. Only—"

Her face had grown more serious.

"Only what?" a little breathlessly.

"I wonder if it's wise, you and Peter seeing so much of each other? You know, Pat, why it might not be wise, it—"

But there was no need for her to put into words what Pat must not risk falling in love with Peter Lathom.

"But—how foolish you are, Joan! He's just a go-between really so."

He may not think so. Is it fair to let Peter see so much of you, and perhaps dream impossible dreams? I like him—it's because I like him so much that I—well, sometimes almost wish he hadn't come to Heathersett. I'm double your age, and I feel—am, in a way, responsible for you. And if I thought there was any danger—Oh, but there isn't!" cried Pat. "And it's all so lovely here. I'm not going away. Why should I? I do like Peter very much—only there's no danger. So don't get these foolish ideas into your head, Joan dear!"

And Pat kissed her friend to close the argument.

The older woman was not quite reassured. She knew how young girls call to youth—but not the green young, too, and known? And the one thing Patricia must do was to lose her heart to Peter, because Patricia

It was a very big "because."

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow. Do not miss it.

NOBODY'S LOVER.

CONCLUSION.

JAKE RATTRAY and Ursula were married a fortnight later.

"I hope it's the right thing," Elsa said half a dozen times a day to her husband. "If it turns out badly I shall feel that we have been to blame."

John Spicer laughed.

"It won't turn out badly, my worrying wife! You have only to look at them to see that Ursula is ten years younger already, and I should not be at all surprised if Jake doesn't live to be a grandfather."

He looked out of the window to where Jake and Ursula were walking up and down the garden of the little house.

Ursula's hand was through his arm, and her smile was brighter than the sun itself.

The dog Patrick, looking rather dejected, followed closely at their heels, stopping every now and then to yawn wearily and stretch himself.

"Patrick has discovered that two is company, three none," Elsa said dryly as she turned away from the window. "Hark how Ursula is laughing! I wonder what the joke is."

"I feel like the man in the pantomime," Jake was saying as they paced up and down the narrow little lawn.

To-morrow is my wedding day!

Ten thousand pounds I'll give away.

He laughed, looking down at Ursula.

"So I would, if I had it," he said.

Her eyes shily happy, searched his face.

"Are you—are you really so glad—as all that?" she asked, dubiously.

Jake cast a rapid glance behind him at the house.

"If you want a truthful reply to that question, 'light of my life!'" he said flippantly, though his eyes were tenderly serious, "we must find a spot where we shall not be overlooked."

"Then it can certainly wait," she declared; but they went back to the little sitting room all the same and Jake took her into his arms.

"And the answer to my question?" she teased him, holding him tightly.

Jake turned her round in this circle of his arms, and pointed to their reflections in a glass over the mantelpiece.

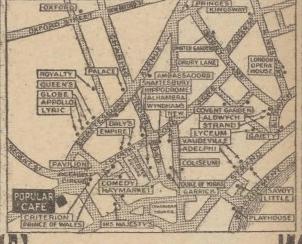
"There stands the man who was once called 'Everybody's Lover' by the indiscriminating few," he said dryly. "And afterwards, 'Nobody's Lover' by his unhappy self but to-morrow" He looked down at her.

"To-morrow!" she echoed softly.

Jake's answer was given in kisses.

THE END.

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Daily Mirror

Friday, April 11, 1919.

A POLITICAL WEDDING.



The bride and bridegroom leaving the church.



John, Joan and Elizabeth Pope, page and bridesmaids.

Sir William Willoughby Dickenson gave away his daughter Joan yesterday on the occasion of her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, C.B., Mr. Bonar Law's private secretary.

Read the Splendid
New Story,
A SLIP OF A GIRL



The opening
Chapters of
which will be
found on
page 12.

PATRICIA CHANCE.

This life romance of Peter Lathom, as told by Sidney Warwick, forms one of the most fascinating Serials ever published in "The Daily Mirror."

FISHERMEN CARRY THE COFFIN OF THE OLDEST V.C.



Highlanders with arms reversed. Artillery officers rode the horses which drew the gun carriage.



The coffin covered with the Union Jack.

Colonel Cadell, V.C.

Highlanders firing last volley.

Colonel Cadell, V.C., C.B., was buried with full military honours at Cockenzie, a little village on the Forth, six local fishermen, by whom he was greatly beloved, carrying the coffin. The late Colonel won the V.C. for saving life on two occasions at the siege of Delhi in 1857.



A DEATH. — The Rev. J. E. H. Murphy, M.A., formerly Professor of Irish at the University of Dublin, who died. He was in this chair for quarter of a century.



Captain Lord Charles Hope.

THEY MEET TO-DAY IN THE FINAL. — Two snapshots taken during the semi-finals of the Active Services' golf tournament at Sandy Lodge yesterday.



Captain Lister Kaye, R.A.F.



P.144b

A NEW PART. — Miss Moya Nugent, now appearing in "Us," at the Ambassadors. Though only eighteen she took the part of Liza in "Peter Pan" for four years and acted with Miss Gladys Cooper.



GATWICK RACES. — Charlie's Smile winning the Mart Plate from Lady Meave. Poet's Licence was third. Another excellently-arranged programme proved a big attraction.—

(Daily Mirror photograph.)